

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Mayor Kennedy of Toronto, Ont., often occupies the Methodist pulpits of that city.

—Manchester, England, has voted through its town council \$1,000,000 for a technical school.

—The St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal church, Philadelphia, will erect a new edifice at a cost of \$30,000.

—The Congregationalists have employed a general missionary in Cincinnati to study the field, and provide for churches in neglected spots.

—There are 514 societies of Christian Endeavor in Connecticut, with a membership of 33,000, and 180 junior societies, with more than 7,000 members.

—Only two hundred candidates presented themselves for the honor examination at Oxford this term, a marked decrease in the numbers for the last few years.

—The Pennsylvania house of representatives recently, by a vote of 157 yeas to 26 nays, passed the bill making it a misdemeanor for a public school teacher to wear any religious garb.

—Joseph Hanigan, the founder of the St. Maria Home for Working Girls at Providence, R. I., has recently given \$50,000 to endow a chair in political economy in the Catholic university at Washington, D. C.

—There are in Spain representatives of 14 Protestant churches and societies, and they report 20 foreign male and 39 foreign female missionaries, 47 Spanish pastors, 27 evangelists, and 4,300 communicants.

—The total receipts of the American board of missions for December are \$53,057, against \$59,116 for December 1899. Every department shows a falling off except the special donations which rose from \$3,305 to \$6,586. The total receipts for four months were \$194,940, against \$203,547 for the corresponding period of last year. The decrease in regular donations was \$6,851.10; in special donations, \$208.90; gifts for the debt, \$25,284.57; the increase in legacies was \$24,433.43; the net decrease, \$5,691.14.

## FAME WON BY ACCIDENT.

An Artist's First Successful Picture Was an Advertisement.

The great French painter, Bastien Lepage, who died lately, was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art. His mother worked in the fields to keep that sickly boy at school. At fifteen he went to Paris alone, started for seven years, painted without success, but still painted. He had just finished a picture to send to the salon when Paris was besieged, and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches.

On the first day a shell fell into his studio, and destroyed his picture, and another shell fell at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris, and refused to accept any painting except for a living. One day a manufacturer of some patent medicine ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was sincere, gave his best work to the advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight; the leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze; a group of beautiful girls gathered around a fountain from which the elastic youth sprang in a bubbling stream. Lepage believed there was real merit in it.

"Let me offer it at the salon," he asked his patron.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it." Lepage refused. "Then I will not pay you a cent for the picture." The price of this picture meant bread for months, and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger, and carried the canvas to the salon. It was admitted. Its great success insured Lepage a place in public recognition, and his later work a place among the greatest of living artists.—Current Literature.

## The Adhesive Plaster.

In the family, where there are numerous scratches, backaches, bruises and sprains, the porous plaster has come to be a recognized institution. Its putting on is generally accepted with delight, but when it comes to the taking off, the "oh, dears" and "dents" and cries of pain are many and emphatic. Even after the plaster is pulled off, there is a layer of adhesive gum on the skin that is struggled with in all sorts of ways. Sometimes the razor is employed for scraping; sometimes a sharp knife is brought into use, and again, a soft warm cloth is pressed over the spot, and when this has firmly attached itself, the peeling process goes on. Those who have occasion to use this application, will find immediate relief from their annoyance, if they will, after raising one side of the plaster, wet the surface of the skin with alcohol, allowing it to run down as the plaster is pulled a little. If any of the gummy substance remains, a bit of rag wet with alcohol will cleanse the surface almost immediately. This, also, has another advantage, in that the stimulating effect of the alcohol prevents any possible cold that might be taken on account of the removal of the warm plaster. This is but a trifle, but it makes easy something that has always been a bugbear, especially to children, and is well worth trying.—N. Y. Ledger.

When lightning strikes it admits of no arbitration.—Texas Siftings.

## That Tired Feeling

It is remarkable how many people there are who have That Tired Feeling and seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say "It will go off after a while."

We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all-gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning, when the body should be refreshed and ready for work. It is often only the forerunner of nervous prostration, with all the horrible suffering that term implies. That Tired Feeling and nervousness are sure indications of an impaired and impoverished condition of the blood. The craving of the system for help can only be met by purifying the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier. It expels all impurities, gives vitality and strength, regulates the digestion and makes the weak strong.

"In the spring I felt very much run down—no strength or appetite. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my appetite improved and I had no more that tired feeling." H. R. Squires, East Levee, Mass.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

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## HOME ATMOSPHERE.

Created by a Knowledge of Harmonious Arrangement.

Of all the minor arts and sciences none is more delightful in itself or richer in its compensations than the creation of the home atmosphere; and although the ability to make a home is a natural endowment of some fortunate beings, it is not the least a talent which may be cultivated, and which will continually repay the time and care devoted to its acquirement.

Men sometimes elect to live together in bachelor freedom, surrounding themselves with comforts and luxuries, having well-trained servants, so that the household machinery moves without noise or jar, and then flatter themselves that they have made a new Eden. Perhaps they have; but it is in the Eden that existed before "Heaven's last, best gift" was bestowed upon the world, and at its very best is only a lifeless imitation of the beautiful reality, since it lacks the "seasonal atmosphere of home," and is without its nameless grace, its abiding sweetness, its indefinable but so potent charm. Yet a household of women can make a home in the fullest sense of all that the dear words include; indeed, a solitary dweller of the gifted sex will succeed in investing her belongings with the permanent comfort and dainty grace which belong to the ideal home atmosphere. There are homes and there are homes, and it must be a very indifferent or a very selfish woman who can not evolve the latter from the least promising elements, and take pride in improving it to the utmost.

The majority of women possess what Hawthorne calls "the gift of practical arrangement," which is, he continues, "a kind of natural magic that enables these favored ones to bring out of the hidden capabilities of things around them, and particularly to give a look of habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home." Under the skillful touch of these persons unpromising or incongruous materials are brought into subjection, harmonious arrangements replace the confused, defects are concealed and good points emphasized, so that rooms which have been hard and forbidding assume a genial and inviting aspect. These clever folks not only work their spells upon unlovely surroundings, they accomplish what is even more difficult, by giving an air of domesticity and use to the most splendid apartment, effectually dispelling that soulless magnificence which is so depressing to the unaccustomed everyday people.—Harper's Bazar.

## FUNERAL WAS A FUNCTION.

But Society Came Not, and the Family Was So Mortified.

I am to have a complete suit of semi-mourning made, for recently it seems to me as if I do nothing else but attend funerals.

And here so much stress is laid on funerals. Abroad we send our carriages. That is sufficient. Here we must attend in person.

It is a bore, as well as extremely depressing. People seem to know if you are there, you know, and are actually disappointed if you do not put in an appearance.

Only recently a charming woman was telling me of the funeral of a friend, another very lovely person, whom I had the honor of knowing. She said that the name of the deceased was seldom mentioned now, because it brought up such painful recollections, not connected with death itself—those were the bitter-sweet—but with the subsequent obsequies.

The dead lady was a "society leader," and when she died they arranged—that is, the family—to have a celebrated clergyman assist at the last rites, in a very fashionable church, and they invited the smartest men in society to be pallbearers, arranged an attractive musical programme and ordered just the proper thing in flowers, violets and all that.

Well, there were, notwithstanding this preparation, only about fifty people in the church. Of course the weather was bad, but the family was never recovered from the slight.

Certain people are struck off their visiting list, and one of the daughters said to me in reference to this event that she feared to look in her mirror for several days afterward—that she had actually become "green from mortification"—Vogue.

Responsive Grumbling.

An excellent though unconscious criticism of the rapid and incoherent manner in which too many congregations perform their part of the "responsive reading" of the Psalms on Sunday, was made by a small boy on his return from his first attendance at church.

"Mamma," he remarked, "the people don't like the minister, do they?"

"Why, certainly, Harold; what made you ask such a question?" was the reply.

"Well," said Harold, sturdily, "he'd read something, and then they'd all grumble, and then he'd read some more, and they'd all grumble again."—Youth's Companion.

Myra.—Does Johnson show any aptitude as a Washington correspondent? "Oh, yes, yes!" When he heard that baby Esther had the colic, he tried to interview the secretary of interior about it.—Life.

It was only when Eve expected to be in vited out that she discovered that she had not been to wash.—Boston Transcript.

Traveler.—How little you know all: him who consumes all, and him least who is led to ferret it all.—Lavater.

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ry, and would start for the far western frontier on the following morning.

"After donning my uniform I walked down to the water edge and sat down on a dismantled cannon to reflect on my mad action. My brain seemed to have shaken off the grip of the liquor which had been the cause of placing me in such a distressing position, and I thank God that I was able to take a philosophic view of the matter. Ere I left the spot I began to look upon my enlistment as a blessing. I reasoned that had I continued to pursue the downward course into which I had fallen I would sink lower and lower and one day fill a drunkard's grave. In the United States service I would be under restraint and be far removed from the temptations of a great city and from the companions who were fast leading me toward utter ruin. In the service I could reform, and by contact with hardships and privations fit myself to cope with the rougher aspects of life should fortune ever desert me. Then and there I firmly resolved to serve faithfully for the term of my enlistment.

"I did more, Miss Sanford. I swore in the presence of Almighty God and of the spirit of my angel mother in Heaven that as long as I should live not another drop of intoxicating liquor should ever pass my lips."

The impulse which reached forward and grasped his hand, the tears streaming down his cheeks. She essayed to speak but could not, and dashing the tears from his own eyes he continued: "With these resolutions firmly implanted in my mind I returned to the barracks with a lighter heart, and wrote a long letter to my aunt in which I called into requisition all my powers of eloquence to convince her that it was all for the best, and that my moral salvation was the stake for which I was playing. I consoled the dear old woman as best I could, and promised her that if God spared our lives I would return to her at the expiration of my term of enlistment as a man of whom she could be proud. I did not tell her of my assumed name, for my destination, for I well knew she would spend her entire fortune, if necessary, to secure my release."

"I was sent to the west with other recruits, and the experiences of my two years' service have been, but the same as those of other cavalry soldiers at a frontier post. I have tried to faithfully perform every duty assigned me, and from the fact that I have never received a reprimand from those in authority I take to believe I have been a good soldier."

"That is my story, Miss Sanford. You may now understand my motive when I repeat to you that under no circumstances would I have you make an effort to secure my discharge."

Allice had listened to his recital with the deepest interest, and at its conclusion she again extended her hand and said:

"Mr. Thornton, I respect and honor you. Your determination to do your duty faithfully and to bury your inclination to lead a dissolute life in the hardships and rigors of service in the army is a noble one. I pray God that your future may shine out all the more resplendent from such a dark background. There is, I hope, no shadow of deceit in my nature, and I frankly tell you that I believe you to be a true, honest and upright man whose heart is swayed by the most noble impulses, even though you may wear the garb of a private soldier. I am glad I met you, and I shall highly prize your friendship and will do all I can to lighten the dark hours of your service. You must call upon me at my home—and—"

"Pardon the interruption, Miss Sanford, but you have forgotten my station in life in your sympathy for the unfortunate man. In your kindness of heart you lose sight of the fact that Col. Sanford would never permit a private soldier to enter his house, unless in the line of military duty."

A shadow flitted over her bright young face, and in a tender tone of voice she replied:

"Yes, I had forgotten. In contemplating the man my eyes were closed to his station in life. What you say is but too true; she gradually unfolded the ideas of the impracticability of the social barrier which separates the men in the ranks from those in official life. Yet I hope to see you frequently when you are out sketching. I feel a very deep interest in you, Mr. Thornton, and I do trust unclouded happiness may dawn upon you and ever remain with you at the close of your army life."

"God bless you for your cheering words," he responded. "They touch my heart with thrilling tenderness, and the knowledge that I possess one friend above the ranks of the rough soldiers will be a cheering reminder to me."

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